

# Akala - Akala - Fire in the Booth Lyrics

Yes, I grew up on the dole in a single parent family  
    Been through a little bit of tragedy  
    Yes I was around drugs and violence  
Before the day that I started secondary  
    And that's part of it  
        Not half of it  
Get the picture, the rest ain't necessary  
    Growin' up, got a little caught up  
        But that ain't even half of my life  
I was also given the knowledge of self  
    That is all we actually need to survive  
If you saw me aged 9, reading Malcolm just fine  
    Teachers still treated me stupid  
    Students that couldn't speak English,  
        they put me in groups with  
            And the irony is  
Some of the first man to give me schoolin'  
    You would call gangsters  
But I already explained, we know what the truth is  
    They used to say 'Don't be like me'  
    Yeah I got a name and dough on the street  
        Night time comes, I can't sleep  
And that's the part that rappers don't speak  
    We don't hit the road cos we are thugs  
Don't come out the womb, wanting to sell drugs  
    If we got the right guidance and love  
        Would we fight people just like us?  
    How could I knock the hustle to get by?  
        How do you think I ate as a child?  
Judge no one, done many things wrong  
    I just don't boast about it songs  
        But listen to my older bars  
I was just as confused as you probably are  
    But you grow and you learn  
        Travel and f\*\*\* up,  
One too many man you know get cut up  
One too many man that could've been doctors  
    End up spending their whole life boxed up  
        You learn, if you study  
Its all set out just to make them money  
    No cover, it's all about getting  
        poor people to fight with one another  
    So its logical that us killing our brothers,  
        Dissin' our mothers  
Is right in line with the dominant philosophy of our time  
    But time is a cycle, not a line  
        Comes back around you regain your mind

You be ready for the energy I channel in my rhymes  
    Remedy the pedigree, the jeopardy of mine  
When the world's this f\*\*\*ed up, lethargy's a crime  
    We can all fight with our brothers over crumbs,  
        Far harder to fight the one who makes guns  
        We can all talk sh\*\* and get two dollars  
        Far harder to be the one who seeks knowledge  
            If we understood economics  
                We'd know money's nothin'  
                    Think nothing of it

Money is a means to get wealth, not the wealth itself  
    Don't get confused, I'm far from broke  
        All that you see me do I own  
        But I wont hang what I make around my neck  
        I know from where that the diamonds came  
            But I do quite literally own a library,  
                That definitely costs more than your chain  
                    And businesses, and properties  
                        Far from starvin', I eat quite properly  
                        And I don't care, just said it for the kids  
Who need to know that you're not broke to listen  
    Don't know an asset from a liability  
They've never been shown or told the difference  
    So they don't change situations  
        Richest man in Britain is Asian  
        That's significant, not coincidence,  
            Asian people build businesses,  
                Not by flossin/going out shoppin'  
        Giving out their culture for everyone's profit  
        Who run's Bollywood? Indian people  
            Who owns our shit?  
        So we shake our arse and dance  
        As if racism just upped and vanished  
            But has it? No its right on course  
        You're beaten so bad, you're trained to ignore  
        Let me not just make sweeping statements  
            Gimme a second, I'll explain it

For small amounts of drug possession there's more black people  
    in jail in America than there is for rape and a  
        rmed robbery and murder all put together  
        You can say they're just locking up thugs,  
            Imagine if they locked up every  
                middle class kid that had ever held drugs,  
                Oh that's right, that'd be your kids!  
        Bigger than that what is going on with this,  
            Prison in America's a private business

They get paid 50k per year per inmate by the State, just wait...  
Also legally are allowed to use their prison inmates as slaves  
    Cheap slave labour, big corporations  
        They come out of jail, can't get a job  
        So when we celebrate going to jail,

We are LITERALLY CELEBRATING ENSLAVEMENT

Add to that, that the hood that you're livin'  
Engineered social condition that breeds crime by design  
Where do you think you get your nine?  
You can say that they're just black,  
But I like to deal with facts

In the 1920s you would've found in America  
Black towns,  
Prospering centres of economics  
and education to make you proud  
But some people couldn't bear  
that the former slaves would not just lie down  
So the KKK and other hate groups burnt  
those towns to the ground  
Killin hundreds,  
If it ain't understood,

You think you were always livin' in the hood?  
Shit it's only been sixty years  
Since they hung blacks and burned em'  
And that was so cool  
Day reel passes, picnic baskets  
Even gave kids the day off school  
To go see a lynchin'  
Have a picnic  
It's fun to watch the little monkeys die(!)  
Then people act a little dysfunctional  
You wanna pretend that you don't know why  
If your colour means you can be killed  
And you're powerless to get justice about it  
Is it difficult to figure out  
how you would then end up feelin' about it?

And that ain't excuses,  
Just dealing with the roots of abuses  
that make a reality  
Where a generation of young men  
speak of ourselves as dirt casually  
That's America,  
This Britain,  
Some things are similar,  
Some different,

In this country the first enslaved were the working class  
What's changed?  
Worst jobs, worst conditions  
Worst taxed, look where you're livin'  
You go to the pub, Friday night,  
You will fight with a guy,  
Don't know what for,  
But won't fight with a guy, suit and a tie,  
Who sends your kids to die in a war,  
They don't sell the kids of the richer politicians,  
It's your kids, the poor british  
That they send to go die in a foreign land  
For these wars you don't understand,

Yeah they say that you're British  
And that lovely patriotism they feed ya  
But in reality you have more in common with immigrants  
Than with your leaders  
I know, both side of my family  
Black and white are fed ghetto mentality  
Reality in this system,  
Poor people are dirt regardless of shade  
But with that said,  
Let's not pretend that everything is the same  
When our grandparents came here to Britain  
If you had a criminal record you couldn't get in  
Yet that ain't protect them from all the stupid,  
stupid abuses they would be livin'  
Kicked in the teeth,  
Stabbed in the street,  
Many times fired bombed our houses,  
Put faeces through our letter box  
And of course the cops did so much about it(!)  
Daily, up to the 80s  
People spittin' into my pram cos' I was a coon baby  
But of course that has had no effect on why today we are crazy  
And none of this was for any good reason  
They were just dark and breathing  
To ease the guilt now for all of this treatment  
Constant stereotypes and needed  
So if I celebrate how big that my dick is,  
Bricks that I'm flippin'  
Clips that I'm stickin'  
Chicks that I'm hittin'  
I'm playing my position  
But if I teach a kid to be a mathematician,  
Messin' with the schism,  
How they gonna fill a prison when materialism is no longer our religion?  
What do you think we got now in Britain?  
Just like America, private prisons  
Prisons for profit!  
That mean when your kids go jail people make money off it,  
So keep environments that breed crime  
Build more jails at the same time  
Market badness to the kids in the rhymes  
As long as rich kids ain't dying its fine!  
Get em' to the point where some are so lost  
They actually believe that  
if they don't celebrate killin' themselves off  
That it's because they're soft  
Was Malcom soft?  
Was Marley soft?  
Tell me was Marcus Garvey soft?  
Well? Was Mohammed Ali soft?  
Nah, Nah I think not!  
But they want us to think that the road is cool

Being on road is all we can do  
We don't control the wholesale productions  
Who benefits from us movin' the food?  
Or thinking there's no way out of road life  
But Malcolm X used to hustle out on the roadside  
When Marcus Garvey organised more than 6million people  
Why is this something you cannot equal?

Shiiiiit!

One of my homeboys did a ten straight in the box in yard  
Now what's he doing?  
Passin' his doctorate  
Don't tell me that it's too hard!  
Who trained you to believe that you're inferior?

Sungbo Eredo in Nigeria are the remains of an ancient moat,  
Dug 1000 years ago  
20 metres wide, 70 down,  
Round the remains of an ancient town  
That's 400 square miles around  
400 square miles around

Please, please don't believe me,  
It was a documentary on BBC!  
But we ain't studyin' history,  
Too busy watching MTV  
And MTV said wear platinum,  
Now everybody wanna go and wear platinum,  
And MTV said pop magnums,  
Now everybody wanna go and pop magnums  
If MTV said drink prune juice  
You would start hearing that in tunes soon,

'Hey! Today I wore my Cartier,  
Is it now more important what I got to say?'  
Oh and I drive a Mercedes by the way  
So everybody listen to what I got to say  
Huh, does that make you all happy?  
Ahh but shit my head's still nappy  
Think for myself, still some mad at me  
But on the mic ain't not one bad as me  
All of this here's good for the rhymes  
Put us in the same place at the same time  
And it's clear to everybody that I'm out of my mind  
Some of these guys are runnin' out of their rhymes  
Clear to everybody that has got ears  
I'm the guy that they just might fear  
They wanna get near but they can't have a peer  
Ah dear I'm hard liquor you're just like beer  
Front on the kid for another five years  
Come to my shows and some cry tears  
It mean that much to em', it's a movement!

I don't speak for myself but a unit,  
Black, white, man, woman,  
anyone that respects truth we put in  
Dudes are like dinner with no puddin'

Yeah you're sweet but no substance puddin'  
You could never ever be with a level on  
Our songs get out played out there in Lebanon  
We speak for the people properly  
Not for the old fat guys in offices  
And the girls love him, it ain't fair  
He can't even be bothered to comb his hair  
Anyway that's enough kissin' my own arse  
Back to the more important task of being so shower  
I got half the hood screaming "KNOWLEDGE IS POWER"  
And I ain't saying that will change rap  
But I do know this for a fact  
Right now there's a yout' on your block  
With his hands on his balls, face screwed up  
Swear he don't care, don't give a fuck  
That he won't let nobody caught his block  
But the words go in  
Open your shackles  
Because once that's happened there's no going back  
Once you start to see what is really happening  
Who the enemy you should be attackin' is  
So READ, READ, READ!  
Stuck on the block, READ, READ!  
Sittin' in the box, READ, READ!  
Don't let them say what you can achieve  
Cos when people are enslaved  
One of the first things they do is stop them reading  
Cos' it is well understood  
that intelligent people will take their freedom  
Cos' if we knew our power  
we would understand that we can't be held down  
If we knew our power,  
we would not elevate not one of these clowns  
If we knew our power,  
we wouldn't get arrogant when we get two pennies  
If we knew our power,  
we would see what everybody sees, that we're rich already!  
But never mind MCs go run for your mummy  
I'm hungry, I run for my tummy  
That's enough back to worshipping money  
I'm off, back to the study!